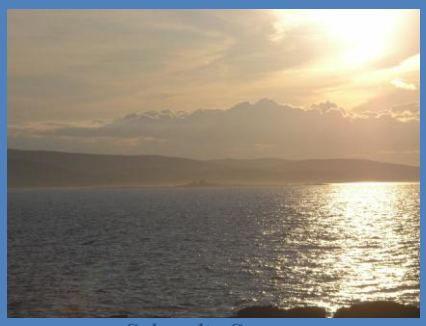

Schoodic Sunset,
Acadia National Park

Overview: This lesson examines the role of literature and art as a reaction to and cause of social change. It begins with the search for an American identity and response to the Industrial Revolution, and ends with the rise of tourism as an industry and the beginnings of National Parks.

Essential Question:

Materials:
Copies of handouts A, B & G for each student

Copies of handouts C-F for each group

Brochure material: paper, pencils, markers, etc.

The Hudson River School, National Identity and America's National Parks

Grade Level: 9- 12

Learner Objectives: Students will:

understand the need to establish a uniquely American identity,

explain the impact the Industrial Revolution had on arts in America,

assess the consequences of Hudson River School artists' journeys to Mount Desert Island.

Key Concepts:

Industrial Revolution
American Romantic Movement
Hudson River School
Transcendentalism
Henry David Thoreau
Ralph Waldo Emerson
Washington Irving
Thomas Cole
Frederic Church
Mount Desert Island
rusticators
cottagers

Timeframe:

State Standards:

New Hampshire	Maine
SS:HI:12:3:1: Evaluate how individuals have developed ideas that have profoundly affected American life. (Themes: E: Cultural Development, Interaction, and Change, H: Individualism, Equality and Authority, J: Human Expression and Communication)	E1:a: Explain that history includes the study of the past based on the examination of *primary and secondary sources* and how history can help one better understand and make informed decisions about the present and future.
SS:HI:12:3:2: Analyze how the arts and sciences often reflect and / or influence major ideas, values, and conflicts of particular time periods (Themes: A: Conflict and Cooperation, E: Cultural Development, Interaction, and Change, A0 Human Expression and Communication)	E1: b: Analyze and critique major *historical* eras, major enduring themes, turning points, events, consequences, and people in the history of the United States and world and the implications for the present and future.

Teacher Background:

The first half of the 19th century was a period of great cultural change in America. Two wars had been fought, securing our political independence from Britain, but culturally, Americans were still essentially British. They spoke the English language, and read British literature. One thing set America apart however – the frontier. From the time of the first colonists, the western borders of America were always an expanding frontier. The concept of divinely sanctioned expansion was later enshrined in the term "Manifest Destiny". As the western borders of America focused on taming the wilderness, the eastern half became more and more mechanized as the Industrial Revolution took root. The lure of the wilderness, of nature, the unexplored, and the unsettled, combined with the increasingly fast paced, urbanized, industrial development soon launched two uniquely American art movements – the transcendentalists and the Hudson River School of painting. The importance of landscape was

foreshadowed in the short stories of Washington Irving. In 1836, transcendentalist Ralph Waldo Emerson published *Nature*, and Hudson River School artist, Thomas Doughty exhibited his painting *Desert Rock Lighthouse, Maine.* "Thus by coincidence, American art and literature shared a starting point in articulating for subsequent generations a consciousness of national identity founded in nature." (Wilmerding)

The first well known artists to visit Mount Desert Island were Thomas Doughty and Thomas Cole. Cole's visit in 1844 and the paintings that resulted from it, began to catch the attention of audiences and artists in the Northeast. Cole's student, Frederic Edwin Church, followed his mentor's foot steps to Maine in the 1850's, and his audiences followed. Church's fourth visit to Mount Desert in 1855 was made in the company of Mrs. J.P. Morgan's father, Charles Tracey. In 1866 Mount Desert was still a small scale settlement, but within 4 years, due in part to improvements in transportation, it had become a major resort for those who could afford the time off and the cost of travel. The arrival of the 'rusticators' as they became known caused a flood of building in towns on the island. Hotels and inns soon dotted the landscape; by 1887 there were seventeen hotels in Bar Harbor itself. These hotels were small affairs compared to hotels today. Most were run by a husband and wife, with local girls to help during peak season.. A certain portion of the tourists however, were accustomed to more and rich enough to do something about it. In the 1880's the wealthy industrialists forsook the hotels and began building their own 'cottages'. Fords, Vanderbilts, Rockefellers, Astors, Carnegies, Proctors, Kennedy's and Pulitzers built homes on the island that qualify as mansions by today's standards. Rockefeller's 'cottage; had over 2,000 windows.

The role of the artists in popularizing Mount Desert as a vacation destination was recognized as early as 1872 in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, when they wrote that it was through Church's paintings 'seen in the exhibitions of the National Academy… that Mount Desert has become so popular as a watering-place"

It did not take long, however, for the popularity of the island to irk the cottagers. Property was bought up and previously popular public picnic spots were suddenly privately owned and off limits. In 1901 one of the cottagers, George Dorr, heir to a textile fortune, gathered up several likeminded friends to form the Hancock County trustees and Public Reservations, with the goal of preserving major scenic sites and wilderness beauty for public enjoyment. By 1914 the Trust held over 6,000 acres in part due to land donations from John S Kennedy and John D. Rockefeller. Dorr led a public relations campaign to secure the trust by turning it in to a national park. In 1916 President Woodrow Wilson signed legislation turning the area into Sieur de Monts National Monument, and three years later it became Lafayette National Park. (The name would change in 1929 to Acadia).

Procedure:

1. Opening Activity [establish need for an American identity]:
   Type 1. In 2 minutes come up with at least 6 words or phrases that describe what it means to be an American today? After the two minutes are up, whip around the room having each student say one thing they wrote down. Answers will probably include democracy and

freedom. Give historical background establishing that those did not apply in 1800 (property restrictions chart, race and gender barriers,)
Follow with another Type 1: (also 2 minutes, aim for three things) What did it mean to be an American in 1800? What did we have that Europe lacked? [wilderness!]

Teacher Tips:
Type 1s are part of the John Collins Writing Program. They are a form of brainstorming. Students respond in writing to a prompt, aiming for a set number of answers (or questions about the prompt) in a given amount of time. Complete sentences are not necessary.

2. Writers of Early America: As a class read from Emerson's *American Scholar.* Discuss what he means by ignoring "the courtly muses of Europe."

3. Then jig saw selections from Thoreau, Emerson and Irving, and Cole. Students should read their selection individually, then meet in a group to discuss their author, and answer the questions from worksheet 3B, Part 1.. Then, in a second group (with one rep per author) they should answer the questions for Part 2.

4. The writers discussed above were searching for an American identity, but they were also responding to the Industrial Revolution within America (Especially Thomas Cole). Hand out worksheet 3G, primary source on the Industrial Revolution. Discuss as a class: What changes are taking place in the landscape? Student answers may include building, air pollution, noise pollution, damming rivers (what are the consequences of that up and down stream?). If they lived in this America, how would they feel about these changes?

Teacher Prep:
Develop a PowerPoint using between 8 and 10 paintings from the Reference list. Doughty, Cole, Lane and Church all painted on Mount Desert Island. Bierstadt painted in Yosemite, and Moran was most famous for his paintings of Yellowstone. A unifying theme for the presentation is given by historian Lincoln P. Paine, describing artists of the Hudson River School in Maine, who wrote, "all of them practitioners of a romantic style that sought to announce their personal affinity with nature in the face of rapid industrialization of America" (page 136).

5. Hudson River School PowerPoint. As students examine the paintings, ask them to think about the following questions:
   What common themes appear in these paintings?
   What feelings do you associated with the paintings?

How do you think these artists felt about their subject?
What do you think these artists felt about America?
As a viewer, seeing these paintings at public exhibitions, how would you react?

6. Explain the consequences of these paintings as they related to tourism. What attracted people to MDI and how did they learn about those features? How is that similar to today? What forces encourage tourism today? What features attract people to a certain spot?

7. Tourist advertisement assignment: In pairs students will choose a tourist location. (It can be real or imaginary). They are to create 2 advertisements for the same place, one from ca. 1880, and the other for today's audiences. The features advertised and the method of advertisement should be period appropriate. The length of time given for this project will depend upon the skill level of students and their access to technology. A class that will design websites or film television commercials will clearly take longer than a class that sticks to paper ads.

Adaptations

Extensions

Advanced readers can be given the selection from Dilsaver, (handout 3H) after the discussion of the consequences of tourism on MDI.

Acadia National Park is the only national park created from donated land. Its story is unique. What forces led to the creation of other national parks? Ask students to each choose a national park and to research its origin. Their findings should be shared with the class, either through oral presentations or a poster-exhibit. What do the origins of the parks have in common? What are some differences? What would it take to create a new park today?

Assessment:

References:

Reference These Paintings:

Thomas Doughty

Desert Rock Lighthouse, Maine, 1836

Thomas Cole

House, Mt. Desert, Maine c. 1845

Frenchman's Bay, Mount Desert Island, Maine, 1845

Otter Cliffs, c. 1844

View Across Frenchman's Bay from Mt. Desert Island, After a Squall 1845

Fitz Hugh Lane

Northwesterly View of Mt. Desert Rock, 1855

Entrance to Somes Sound from Southwest Harbor, 1852

Off Mount Desert Island, 1856

Frederic Edwin Church

Fog off Mount Desert, 1850

Lake Scene in Mount Desert 1851

Newport Mountain, Mount Desert, 1851

Beacon, off Mount Desert Island, 1851

Sunset, 1856

Twilight in the Wilderness, 1860

Storm at Mt. Desert (Coast Scene, or Sunrise off the Maine Coast) 1863

Eagle Lake Viewed from Cadillac Mountain, Mount Desert, 1855-65

Albert Bierstadt

Valley of the Yosemite

The Rocky Mountains, Lander's Peak, 1863

Thomas Moran

Grand Canon of Yellowstone, 1872

Chasm of the Colorado, 1873-4

Resources:–

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Dilsaver, Lary M. (ed.). *America's National Park System; The Critical Documents*. New York: Rowman & Littlefield Publishers, Inc. 1994.

Irving, Washington. *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*

Irving, Washington. *Rip van Winkle*

Manley, Jim. *RWE.org- The Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson*. Retrieved 8/18/09; Established 12/8/97. www.rwe.org.

Morison, Samuel Eliot. *The Story of Mount Desert Island*. Frenchboro, ME: Islandport Press, 1960.

Paine, Lincoln P. *Down East; A Maritime History of Maine*. Gardiner, Maine: Tilbury House. 2000.

Schama, Simon. *A History of Britain: The Fate of Empire; 1776 – 2000.*

Thoreau, Henry David. *The Maine Woods*. New York: Penguin Books, 1988.

Wilmerding, John. *The Artist's Mount Desert; American Painters on the Maine Coast*. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1994.

Handout A

Emerson's *The American Scholar*

If there be one lesson more than another, which should pierce his ear, it is, The world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason; it is for you to know all, it is for you to dare all. Mr. President and Gentlemen, this confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation, to the American Scholar. We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe.

Handout B: Jig-Saw Reading Questions

Name_____

Part 1: In this group you have all read the same selection.

What selection did your group read?

What do you know about this author or time period?

What was the main idea?

What imagery does the author use?

Identify two or three quotes that you think were especially important in understanding the reading.

Handout B: Jig-Saw Reading Questions

Part 2: In this group you should have one (or more) representatives for each different author. Summarize what you read in part 1 for your group. Discuss your answers to the questions above. You may wish to take notes on what other people read. Once all readings have been summarized and discussed, answer the questions below *using all four selections*.

What are some of the similar concerns among the writers?

What are some similarities and differences in way those concerns are presented?

What did it mean to be human or American to these writers?

Handout B: Jig-Saw Reading Questions

How are these writings relevant today?

Handout C

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Chapter 1, from *Nature*

To go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because though always present, they are inaccessible; but all natural objects make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort her secret, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood. When we speak of nature in this manner, we have a distinct but most poetical sense in the mind. We mean the integrity of impression made by manifold natural objects. It is this which distinguishes the stick of timber of the wood-cutter, from the tree of the poet. The charming landscape which I saw this morning is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts, that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this their warranty-deeds give no title. To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of

manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature, a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. Nature says, — he is my creature, and meager all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me. Not the sun or the summer alone, but every hour and season yields its tribute of delight; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorizes a different state of the mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight. Nature is a setting that fits equally well a comic or a mourning piece. In good health, the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common, in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. I am glad to the brink of fear. In the woods too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and at what period so ever of life, is always a child. In the woods, is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods, we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life, — no disgrace, no calamity, (leaving me my eyes,) which nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground, — my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space, — all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eye-ball; I am nothing; I see all; the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God. The name of the nearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental: to be brothers, to be acquaintances, — master or servant, is then a trifle and a disturbance. I am the lover of uncontained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness, I find something more dear and connate than in streets or villages. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as beautiful as his own nature.

The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister, is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me, and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm, is new to me and old. It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.

Yet it is certain that the power to produce this delight, does not reside in nature, but in man, or in a harmony of both. It is necessary to use these pleasures with great temperance. For,

nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume and glittered as for the frolic of the nymphs, is overspread with melancholy today. Nature always wears the colors of the spirit. To a man laboring under calamity, the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then, there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.

Handout D

Thomas Cole
Essay on American Scenery

American Monthly Magazine 1 (January 1836)

The essay, which is here offered, is a mere sketch of an almost illimitable subject--American Scenery; and in selecting the theme the writer placed more confidence in its overflowing richness, than in his own capacity for treating it in a manner worthy of its vastness and importance.

It is a subject that to every American ought to be of surpassing interest; for, whether he beholds the Hudson mingling waters with the Atlantic--explores the central wilds of this vast continent, or stands on the margin of the distant Oregon, he is still in the midst of American scenery--it is his own land; its beauty, its magnificence, its sublimity--all are his; and how undeserving of such a birthright, if he can turn towards it an unobserving eye, an unaffected heart! …

In this age, when a meager utilitarianism seems ready to absorb every feeling and sentiment, and what is sometimes called improvement in its march makes us fear that the bright and tender flowers of the imagination shall all be crushed beneath its iron tramp, it would be well to cultivate the oasis that yet remains to us, and thus preserve the germs of a future and a purer system. And now, when the sway of fashion is extending widely over society--poisoning the healthful streams of true refinement, and turning men from the love of simplicity and beauty, to a senseless idolatry of their own follies--to lead them gently into the pleasant paths of Taste would be an object worthy of the highest efforts of genius and benevolence. The spirit of our society is to contrive but not to enjoy--toiling to produce more toil-accumulating in order to aggrandize. The pleasures of the imagination, among which the love of scenery holds a conspicuous place, will alone temper the harshness of such a state; and, like the atmosphere that softens the most rugged forms of the landscape, cast a veil of tender beauty over the asperities of life.

There are those who through ignorance or prejudice strive to maintain that American scenery possesses little that is interesting or truly beautiful--that it is rude without

picturesqueness, and monotonous without sublimity--that being destitute of those vestiges of antiquity, whose associations so strongly affect the mind, it may not be compared with European scenery. But from whom do these opinions come? From those who have read of European scenery, of Grecian mountains, and Italian skies, and never troubled themselves to look at their own; and from those travelled ones whose eyes were never opened to the beauties of nature until they beheld foreign lands, and when those lands faded from the sight were again closed and forever; disdaining to destroy their trans-Atlantic impressions by the observation of the less fashionable and unfamed American scenery. Let such persons shut themselves up in their narrow shell of prejudice--I hope they are few,--and the community increasing in intelligence, will know better how to appreciate the treasures of their own country.

I am by no means desirous of lessening in your estimation the glorious scenes of the old world--that ground which has been the great theater of human events--those mountains, woods, and streams, made sacred in our minds by heroic deeds and immortal song--over which time and genius have suspended an imperishable halo. No! But I would have it remembered that nature has shed over this land beauty and magnificence, and although the character of its scenery may differ from the old world's, yet inferiority must not therefore be inferred; for though American scenery is destitute of many of those circumstances that give value to the European, still it has features, and glorious ones, unknown to Europe. …

And, although an enlightened and increasing people have broken in upon the solitude, and with activity and power wrought changes that seem magical, yet the most distinctive, and perhaps the most impressive, characteristic of American scenery is its wildness.

It is the most distinctive, because in civilized Europe the primitive features of scenery have long since been destroyed or modified--the extensive forests that once overshadowed a great part of it have been felled--rugged mountains have been smoothed, and impetuous rivers turned from their courses to accommodate the tastes and necessities of a dense population--the once tangled wood is now a grassy lawn; the turbulent brook a navigable stream--crags that could not be removed have been crowned with towers, and the rudest valleys tamed by the plough.

And to this cultivated state our western world is fast approaching; but nature is still predominant, and there are those who regret that with the improvements of cultivation the sublimity of the wilderness should pass away: for those scenes of solitude from which the hand of nature has never been lifted, affect the mind with a more deep toned emotion than aught which the hand of man has touched. Amid them the consequent associations are of God the creator--they are his undefiled works, and the mind is cast into the contemplation of eternal things.

Handout E

Washington Irving

From *Rip Van Winkle*

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory….

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reechoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

Handout E

From T*he Legend of Sleepy Hollow*

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquility.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noontime, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley….

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New-York, that population, manners, and customs, remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I

trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

Handout F

Henry David Thoreau

From *The Maine Woods*

Perhaps I most fully realized that this was primeval, untamed, and forever untamable *Nature*, or whatever else men call it, while coming down this part of the mountain. We were passing over "Burnt Lands", burnt by lightning, perchance, though they showed no recent marks of fire, hardly so much as a charred stump, but looked rather like a natural pasture for the moose and deer, exceedingly wild and desolate, with occasional stumps of timber crossing them, and low poplars springing up, and patches of blueberries here and there. I found myself traversing them familiarly, like some pasture run to waste, or partially reclaimed by man; but when I reflected what man, what brother or sister or kinsman of out race made it and claimed it, I expected the proprietor to rise up and dispute my passage. It is difficult to conceive of a region uninhabited by man. We habitually presume his presence and influence everywhere. And yet we have not seen pure Nature, unless we have seen her thus cast and drear and inhuman, though in the midst of cities. Nature was here something savage and awful, though beautiful. I looked with awe at the ground I trod on, to see what the Powers had made there, the form and fashion and material of their work. This was that Earth of Old night. Here was no man's garden, but the unhandseled [sic] globe. It was not lawn, not pasture, nor mead, nor woodland, nor lea, nor arable, nor waste land. It was the fresh and natural surface of the planet Earth, as it was made forever and ever, - to be the dwelling of man, we say,- so Nature made it, and man may use it if he can. Man was not to be associated with it. It was Matter, vast, terrific, -not his Mother earth that we have heard of, nor for him to tread on, or be buried in, - no, it were being too familiar even to let his bones lie there, - the home, this, of Necessity and Fate. There was clearly felt the presence of a force not bound to be kind to man. It was a place for heathenism and superstitious rites, - to be inhabited by men nearer of kin to the rocks and to wild animals than we. We walked over it with a certain awe, stopping, from time to time, to pick the blueberries which grew there, and had a smart and spicy taste. Perchance where *our* wild pines stand, and leaves lie on their forest floor, in Concord, there were once reapers, and husbandman planted grain; but here not even the surface had been scarred by man, but it was

a specimen of what God saw fit to make this world. What is it to be admitted to a museum, to see a myriad of particular things, compared with being shown some star's surface, some hard matter in its home! … Think of our life in nature, - daily to be shown matter, to come in contact with it, - rocks, trees, wind on our cheeks! The *solid* earth! The *actual* world! The *common sense*! *Contact! Contact! Who* are we? *Where* are we?

… I am reminded by my journey how exceedingly new this country still is. You have only to travel for a few days into the interior and back parts even of many of the old States, to come to that very America which the Northmen, and Cabot, and Gosnold, and Smith, and Raleigh visited. If Columbus was the first to discover the islands, Americus Vespucius and Cabot, and the Puritans, and we their descendants, have discovered only the shores of America. While the republic has already acquired a history world –wide, America is still unsettled and unexplored. Like the English in new Holland, we live only on the shores of a continent even yet, and hardly know where the rivers come from which float our navy. The very timber and boards and shingles of which out houses are made grew but yesterday in a wilderness where the Indian still hunts and the moose still runs wild. New York has her wilderness within her own borders; and though the sailors of Europe are familiar with the soundings her Hudson, and Fulton long since invented the steamboat on its waters, an Indian is still necessary to guide her scientific men to its head waters in the Adirondack country.

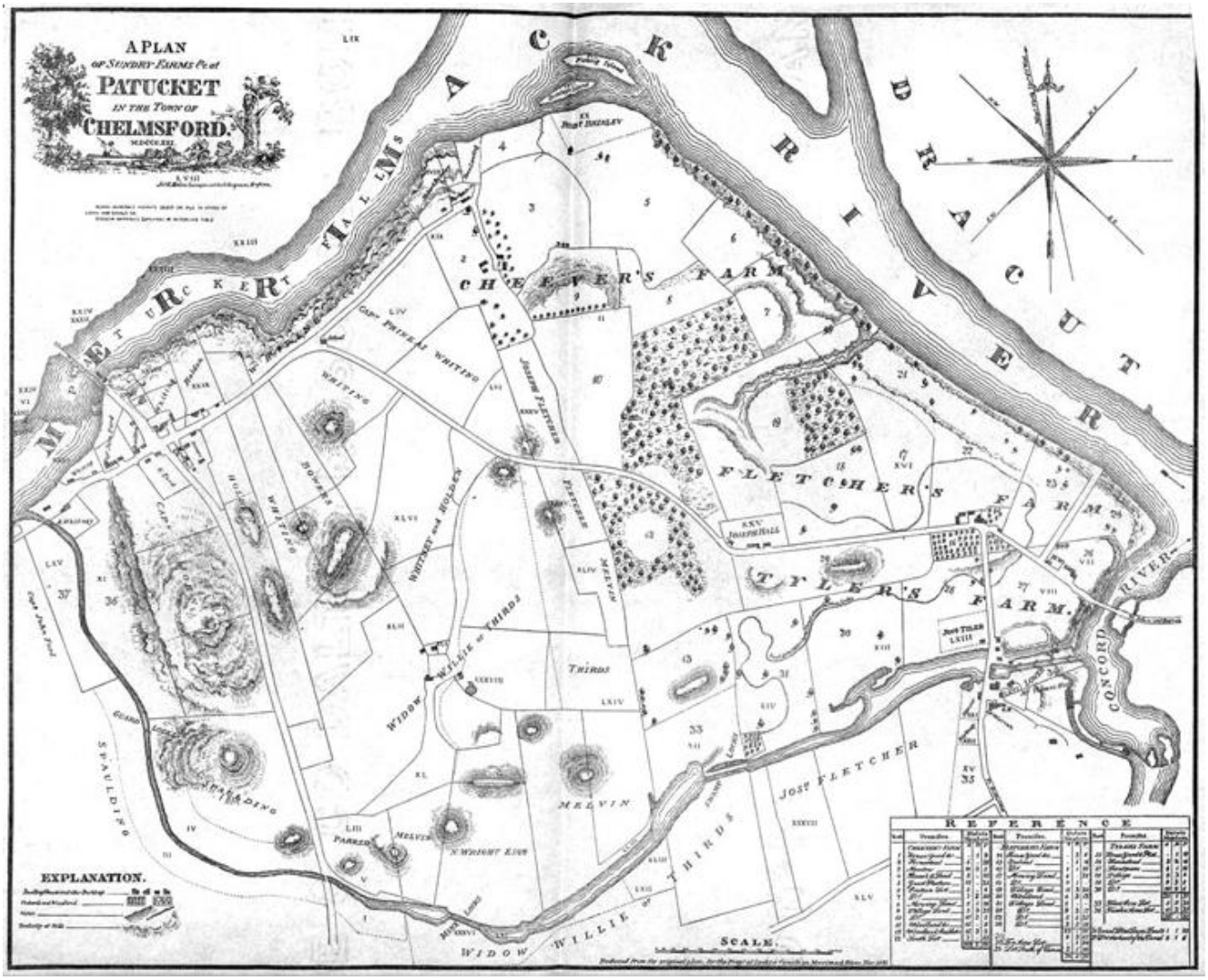
Have we even so much as discovered and settled the shores? Let a man travel on fool along the coast, from Passamaquoddy to the Sabine, or to the Rio Bravo, or to wherever the end is now, if he is swift enough to overtake it, faithfully following the windings of every inlet and of every cape, and stepping to the music of the surf,- with a desolate fishing-town once a week , and a city's port once a month to cheer him, and putting up at the light-houses, when there are any, - and tell me if it looks like a discovered and settled country, and not rather, for the most part, like a desolate island, and No-Man's Land.

We have advanced by leaps to the Pacific, and left many a lesser Oregon and California unexplored behind us. Though the railroad and the telegraph have been established on the shores of Maine, the Indian still looks out to from her interior mountains over all these to the sea. There stands the city of Bangor, fifty miles up the Penobscot, at the head of navigation for

vessels of the largest class, the principal lumber depot on this continent, with a population of twelve thousand, like a star on the edge of might, still hewing at the forests of which it is built, already overflowing with the luxuries and refinement of Europe, and sending its vessels to Spain, to England, and to the West Indies for its groceries, - and yet only a few axe-men have gone "up river" into the howling wilderness which feeds it. The bear and deer are still found within its limits; and the moose, as he swims the Penobscot, is entangled amid its shipping, and taken by foreign sailors in its harbor. Twelve miles in the rear, twelve miles of railroad, are Orono and the Indian Island, the home of the Penobscot tribes, and then commence the bateau and the canoe, and the military road; and sixty miles above, the country is virtually unmapped and unexplored, and there still waves the virgin forest of the New World.

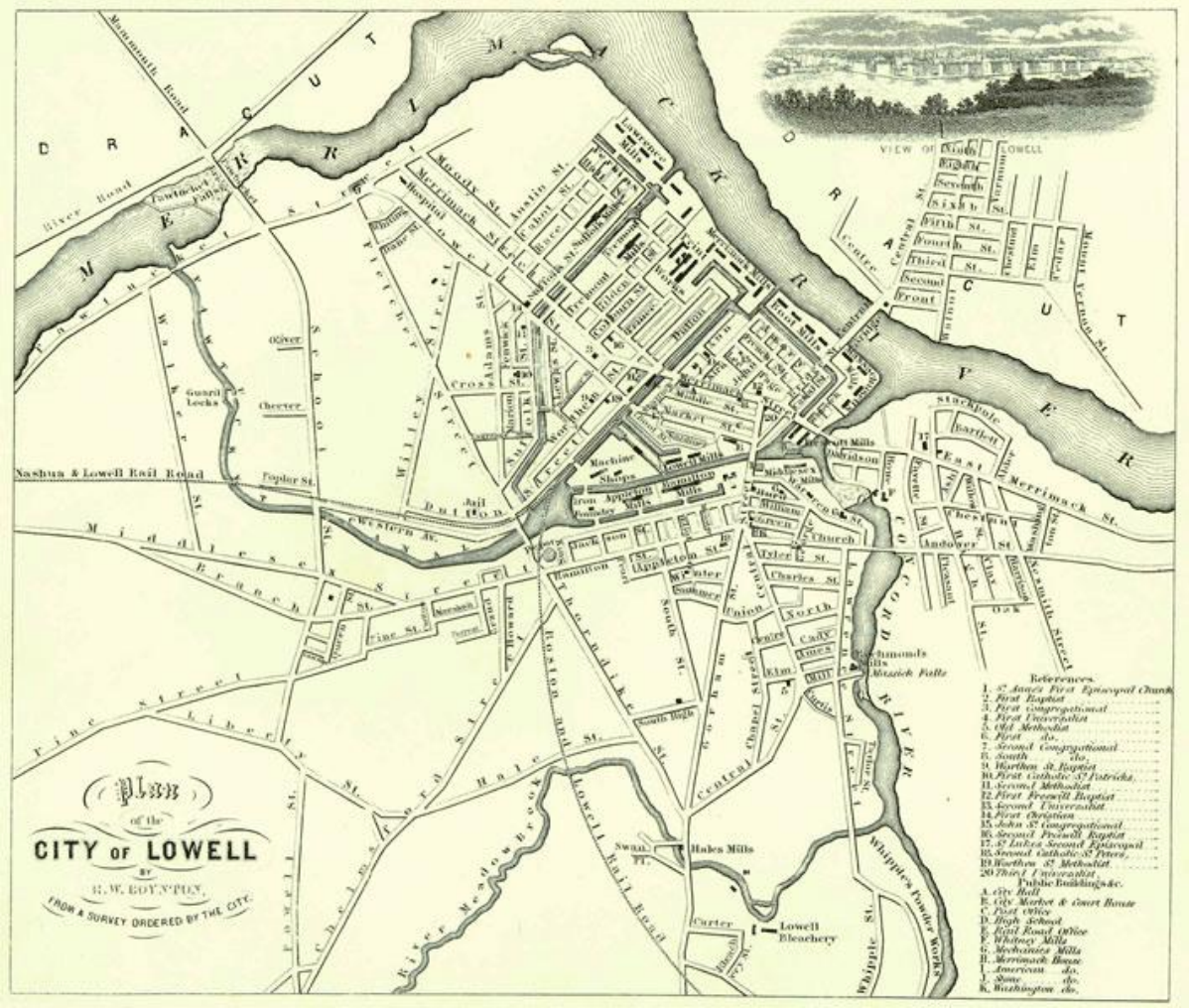
Handout G

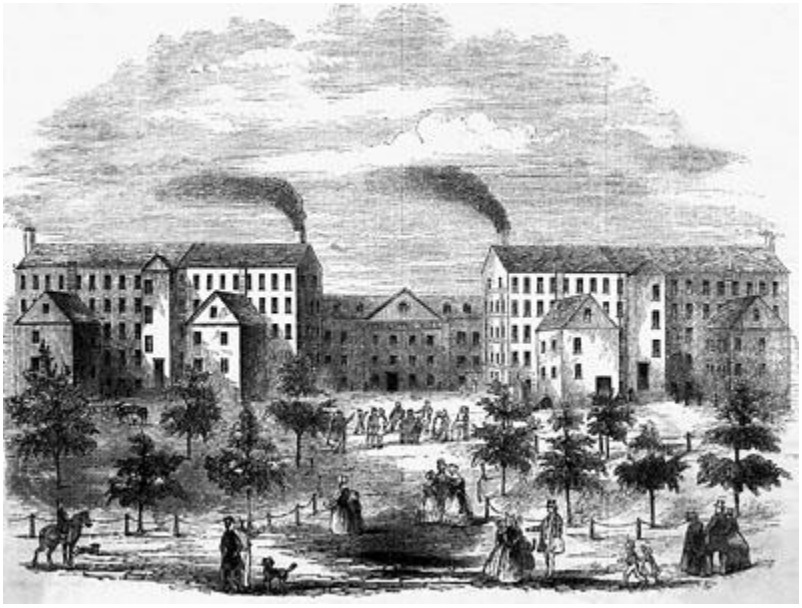
Primary Sources on the Industrial Revolution



Chelmsford (later named Lowell), MA
1821
Lowell Historical Society

Handout G


Plan
of the
CITY OF LOWELL
BY
H. W. BOYNTON,
FROM A SURVEY ORDERED BY THE CITY.
References.
Merrimack River
Concord River
Pawtucket Falls
Nashua & Lowell Rail Road
Boston and Lowell Rail Road
Lowell Bleachery
Whipple's Powder Works
Hales Mills
Lowell
1845

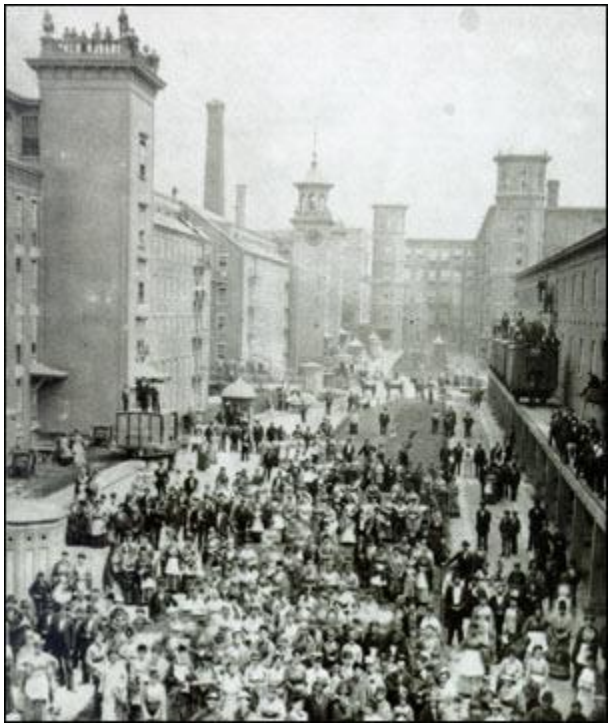


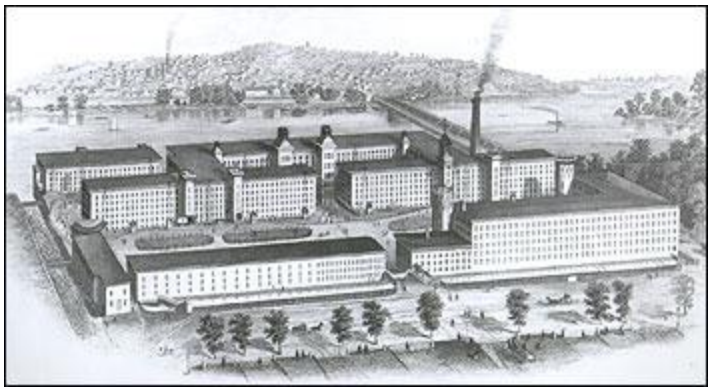
Handout G

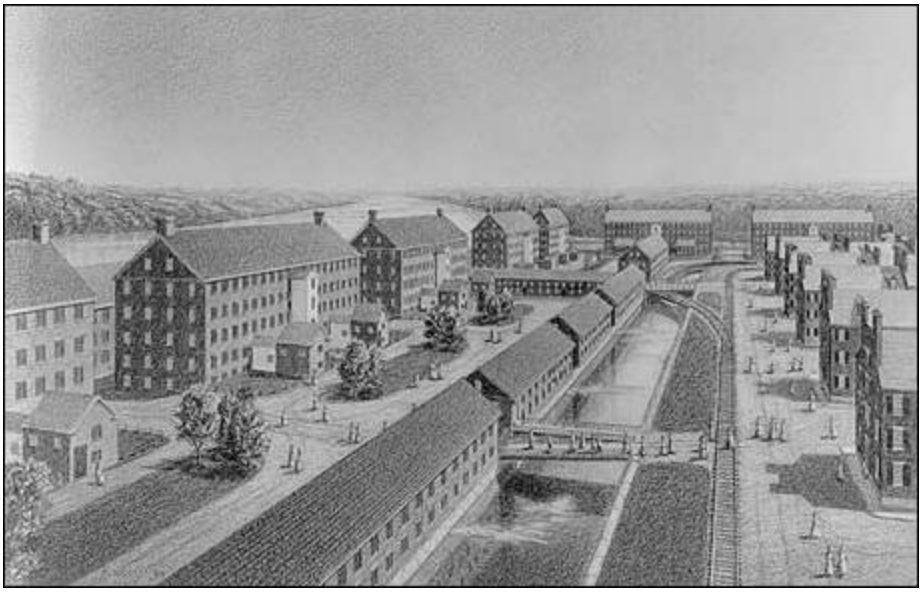
The Industrial Revolution began in Britain years before it arrived in America. Logically then, the impact of industrialization was apparent sooner in Britain, than in America. The following is an excerpt from the diary of Princess (later Queen) Victoria, written in 1832 as she traveled through 'coal country' to Wales.

"The men, women, children, country and houses are all black, but I cannot by any description give an idea of its strange and extraordinary appearance. The country is very desolate, everywhere there are coals about and the grass is quite blasted and black. I just now see an extraordinary building flaming with fire. The country continues black. Engines, flaming coals in abundance everywhere smoking and burning coal heaps intermingled with wretched huts and little ragged children."

Quoted in Simon Schama's *A History of Britain volume 3 The Fate of Empire. (Audio book).*







(Lowell Museum Collection/Lowell Historical Society)
http://www.nps.gov/history/nr/twhp/wwwlps/lessons/21boott/21boott.htm

Handout G

Dilsaver (pages 7-8)

The origins of the national park idea are the subject of considerable academic speculation. Suffice it to say, however, the concept did not originate over a Wyoming campfire. The processes that led up to national parks are more readily identified but also far more complex. From the arts and literature came the Romantic Movement which encouraged the experience of mountains and wilderness. Authors like Henry David Thoreau and Washington Irving exhorted Americans to pursue nature even as the frontier rolled away from them. Landscape artists culminating with Thomas Moran and Albert Bierstadt presented awesome spectacles that received huge public interest.

The rise in attention to nature coincided with the search for identify and pride among American literati. When compared to Europe's thousands of years of history, its fabric of ancient structures and sites, its rich cultural legacy build on many centuries o interchange, the United States appeared a rude, uncultured backwater. Stung by caustic criticism and snobbery from Europe, Americans looked for elements in their own land to flaunt. In Yellowstone and Yosemite, and indeed the whole western wilderness, Americans had what they needed. America was new, rugged, spectacular, and could be proud of its splendor and its clean slate upon which to develop the human experience.

Yet another motive for national parks came from the American experience at Niagara Falls. The famous falls were America's paramount scenic wonder during the first half of the nineteenth century. However, local landowners had, in their frenzy to maximize profits, gone so far as to erect fences and charge viewers to look through holes at the spectacle. Tawdry concessions and souvenirs, filth, and squalor attended a visit to this most sublime of eastern American features. Clearly government control of such a feature to assure its availability to the public was in order.

The first movement to create a park came amidst the Civil war. Yosemite Valley had been first entered by Americans chasing a band of Indians in 1851. Within five years the situation at Niagara Falls began to repeat itself. Claims on the valley lands were filed and tolls

charged. Haphazard tourism began even as the fame of the valley spread to a wondering and suspicious East. Concern for this amazing spectacle and its availability to all comers led Congress to with draw the lands from alienation in 1864 and turn over the valley and a nearby grove of giant sequoias to the state of California as a public park. The state would continue to manage this first federal withdrawal for a park until 1906 when it was merged with Yosemite National Park.

Eight years later Congress established the world's first true national park. Instrumental in its creation as the Northern Pacific Railroad, beginning a fifty-year period during which railroads became the most profound influence on the establishment of these reserved and on the development of tourism in them. Where the Yosemite withdrawal consisted of a pair of relatively small areas, Yellowstone was an enormous tract of more than 3,400 square miles. The creation of Yellowstone National Park marked the first serious challenge to the culture of land alienation and consumptive use in American history.

Handout I

Advertising for Tourists

Working with one other person, design two ads for a tourist location. The ads are for the same place, but one dates to around 1880, and the other is for tourists today. The ads can be in any period appropriate format, and should reflect features of the place that the period audience would find attractive. (Wi-Fi should not be advertised to the 1880 audience.)